

that the government...
residing there...
came to share...
The perusal of it afforded more real satisfaction, than I have experienced
these many months. Since my residence in Siam, no one thing, has
pained me more, than the thought, that I was forgotten by the friends
of my childhood, and still firmer friend of my riper years.
But I do not, neither have I censured you. I feared that you might be
ill, and perhaps even already dead, but when your letter came, fraught
with so many kind assurances, I felt comforted. Emline, I believe
you love me, and I delight to dwell upon the thought, that when
our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we shall meet, (as I humbly
hope) to be separated no more.
I felt pained on hearing that you were an invalid. I feared it might be so.
You had a troublesome cough, when I made you that visit, of three weeks, at
Frochester, and I thought then you might find an early grave. But of this
you are confident, my sister, that our Heavenly Father never chastens his
children but for their good. Do you not find consolation in casting
your care upon God? and is it not sweet when suffering from long
and disease, to reflect that you are not to live here always? I sympathize
with you, tho' I cannot know all that you experience. You have
when at home had good health, since coming to Siam, it has been almost perfect.
I think a tropical climate favorable to my constitution. Medical advice
has scarcely been sought since my residence here. True I am not as vigorous
as when I experienced the bracing winds of a more northern clime, but
I am almost a stranger to sickness and pain. True I do cause for gratified
You speak tenderly of our affliction in the death of our first born. Be-
fore the name of my beloved girl another, Sarah Andrews. I pray you never
forget the anguish of being separated from those, who are as I. Our Heavenly Father
himself, a part of the parent wrapped in another skin unless God can
be more glorified in their death than life. On the day that Sarah
was two years old (Nov 28, 1842) Dr. Bradley inoculated her for the small
pox. She had it rather severely, this was followed by the erysipelas
which terminated her life Jan'y 1843. She had from her birth been
an uncommonly healthy child, never subject to any disease. I think
that children suffer so much in Siam, she scarcely noticed
and we were never obliged to be up with her night account of sickness
until her last illness. I could tell you much of Sarah that was interesting
to her Parents. But I forbear. You know a Mother's heart, but the strength of
that chord, that binds the child to the parent, you cannot know until
it has been severed. I sometimes feel reprieved when I think how little I understand
sympathize with the bereaved, how insensible to their afflictions.
Yet I could not know without experience. But then such afflictions
are not to be married if necessary, to be endured for the good of others.
We are his servants, and He knows what is best for us, and
what is agreeable to his will, should be cheerfully acquiesced in
on our parts. I should love to describe to you precisely our situation
(as you wished) that you might see us with the mind's eye. Our temper

comforts are more than depicted on heathen ground, living place,
but wholesome. The Com. send us flour annually, but it is old, and
sometimes musty before reaching us. Mr Put thinks that I make a good
head, sometimes, as he ever ate in America, this encourages not persons
must flour to the contrary, notwithstanding.
Vegetables and fruit are abundant. (Brown I should love to send you in light
of oranges.) But we find nothing in Siam, that can compare with the
apple and Irish potatoes with you. We rec. dried apple from Cornwall
at least Nov/48. A luxury indeed. Salt beef and pork are seldom seen.
Fresh pork is good, but our salt is so bad, so little strength in it, that it
not preserve pork a single day. I have made several unsuccessful attempts.
Rice is the staple article, of food, among the natives, takes the place of wheat
with you. We partake of it, once a day, in connection with curry. The sweet
potatoes and yam are quite tolerable. Indeed, Mr Put and I myself have so
learned to lose the productions of Siam, that we seldom think of those things
to which we were once accustomed, except by comparison.
Our habitation is a comfortable one, partly of boards, and partly of bamboo,
consisting of three principal rooms, with two or three small, contiguous ones
in the rear. A bathing room, also, necessary appendage, to our house
in the Boudah. A bathing room, also, necessary appendage, to our house
in this hot, debilitating climate. I am in the habit of bathing three times a
week. Mr Put once in the morning it is so refreshing. Perspiration is abundant,
particularly with you, sister Rebecca. Mr Johnson, com. Put only associate
the Chinese department, of this mission, boards with us, (has for three years),
occupies one of the rooms. The one corresponding to his (both side rooms) is
our sleeping apartment, and just about the size of Grandmother's bed room, in which
the common or middle room is for family worship, meals and rec. taking our
meals, rec. friends &c. We have no glass windows in Siam, houses built
high from the ground, and very open, doors never closed except at night,
and when we go from home. Cooking is all done, in a small house,
separate from our dwelling house. I suppose that I go up and down
stairs ten times every day, and sometimes more, to attend to what must
be done there. This gives me active exercise, which is my life. You know
I have been accustomed from childhood, to the duties of the kitchen
and such knowledge is indispensable in a heathen land. The wife of
a missionary, must depend entirely upon herself, and native help, and
such help cannot be depended upon as help at home. Their habits
are such, pilfering and deceiving, that they require constant watching.
We feel that nothing is safe, from our sight, unless secured by lock and key.
The memoir, of Mr Winslow, gives a more correct representation of the
habits of a heathen people, and missionary life as it is, than any memoir
I ever read. I feel that I am benefited by perusing it occasionally now.
His was a well chosen mind, and his statements, so far as I am capable
of judging, are in accordance with truth, not exaggerated. This is
as it should be. Mr. Plummer used to say, that he wished he could know
the true situation of a miss. just how he lived, his comforts and privations,
temporal and spiritual. If my life is spared, for a few months to come,
I intend to write her, and give a faithful description as I can possibly
I was deeply interested in your little particulars of Miss. The interests of that
village, will ever continue to be dear to my heart, its only surviving
Grandparent, of my once happy home, has passed the Jordan of death.
We have heard many particulars, of his last illness, from Dr. and family.
It pains my heart, to hear that you and my spiritual father, has been
dismissed from his pastoral connection with the church, with emotions
they will never obtain another that can fill his place. This loss of
change in the ministry is greatly to be deplored. I sometimes fear that
the how hath a controversy with his people, in many of our New
England churches, but my chief prayer is, that the inexperienced,
young and zealous may not be permitted to step in and bear rule.
You speak of revivals in your ministry. May this be the means, of
settling differences, and the raising the standard of piety, in the land.
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